In to the Sunset

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In to the Sunset

by Mhe

Summary

Part 2 of my 1960s AU.
Part 1 is called 'Off the rails' it's not a must to read it, but it's where Will and Hannibal meet.
Link

Will decides to say over in a sanatorium that belongs to his friend. What could go wrong?

Notes

Big thanks to by lovely beta Packetofredapple

Chapter 1

Sunset sanatorium

Private, elegantly equipped institution for all of your worries.

Now no disease big or small will ever get you down!

Medical staff, always on duty. Night and day nurses ready to take care of any problems patients may have.

The newest medical equipment available and is in use to treat our patients. No more operations for those who are sick of TB or lobotomies for the not sane ones.

Delightful parlors, reading and lounging rooms. Large verandas and outside areas surrounded by forests and fresh air. Billiard, pool, croquet, and other activities for free.

Will woke up in the most comfortable bed he has ever slept in.

Looking around he remembered he is no longer on a train but in a private sanatorium which belonged to a man that was nowhere to be found.

The clock on the bedside table showed 9:30.

He threw the thick sheets of his body and got out of the bed in search of his clothes.

'Even though walking around a stranger's ... Friends...? Room is kind of liberating, shower first'

Even the bathroom was abnormally big for Will's standards. The shower felt amazing, warm water was what he really needed not only to wash the sticky memories from the day before but to also aid his tired bones.

When Will finally got out of the shower and went back into what he assumed was the master bedroom there were fresh clothes laid out for him alongside a really warm looking red

cashmere sweater. He had a feeling that the aforementioned piece of clothing belonged to Hannibal, but he didn't complain, it was a bit cold so the warmth of a sweater was welcomed.

When the profiler was dragging the red sweater over his head he heard the door quietly open.

“Hannibal?” Will flipped trying to get the sweater out of his face and on his body quicker.

“No... My name is Abigail... The doctor sent me to check on you... I knocked but when you didn't answer I decided to try to go inside, sorry”

The profiler turned to the girl’s direction and finished fixing his sweater

“Um... Hi, Abigail, my name is Will, you're a nurse here?”

“You can say that I'm a volunteer nurse”

Will gave her a nod and went to pick up his glasses “Where is Hannibal? He promised to drive me to the city”

“When it's raining like that? I don't think it would be safe, but I'm not the one to decide” Abigail looked around the room. The younger man could see it's her first time here. “Well when you're ready to let's go, doctor doesn't like being left waiting”

The curly haired man followed Abigail out of the bedroom into what looked like an infinite hallway full of different doors that lead to god knows where. Walking down the minimally decorated corridor that seems to twist and turn only every so often he was finally stricken by the realization of how quiet it was. There were no screams or laughter, no loud conversations. The only noise was of the rain pitter pattering outside.

“Where is everyone, Abigail? It's so quiet here it's hard to believe”

He waited for an answer that never came after few seconds of silence Will looked up from the floor, only to see that Abigail was nowhere in sight.

“Abigail? Where are you? I'm not up for games” the profiler started to frantically look around trying to locate a nurse or at least another human being.

At that moment a hand wrapped around his waist pulling it closer to the hand's owner's chest. “William, dear, what are you doing here?”

The curly haired man finally relaxed hearing the familiar voice talking to him “Hannibal Abigail and I were; just going to your office when she decided to disappear and I don't know how to maneuver these hallways so I was looking for her”

“Abigail, you say? Who is she?” Will could hear the interest in Hannibal's voice.

“What do you mean who is she? You asked her to come to your room and pick me up, didn't you?” The profiler quickly turned around and looked the older man in the eyes.

“Will how about we go talk about this over late breakfast in my private lounge room?” The older man was keeping his voice even, smooth, non-judgmental

“I would like an answer,” Will said firmly.

“And we shall talk about it. Now please follow me” Hannibal didn't remove his hand from the small of Will's back, guiding him to one of the closed doors.

In the end, Will ended up sitting at Hannibal's table with simple breakfast in front of him. It was the older man's idea of a simple breakfast, but for Will, it looked more like an extravagant cooking show dish.

“So where is Abigail?” Demanded the younger man.

“Will, I don't mean to cause you distress, but I know not of anyone by the name Abigail. There is no nurse or patient here by that name. If you don't believe me after breakfast I can give you papers with the names of the staff and patients”

“It can't be... She came into my room said that she is a nurse in training and that you sent her... Am I going insane...” Will was shaking his head. Not only he can see the only possibility for him not to be taken as a nut case, everything he has been working towards is going out the window.

“William, you're not going insane; maybe you just had a vivid dream. Either way, I would like you to stay here a bit longer. The rain outside is really heavy and it would be hard to see

anything while driving. You can leave once the rain has calmed down. For today though, I shall show you around the sanatorium."

"If you promise not to psychoanalyze me then okay. On the other hand, why is it so quiet here? It feels like the sanatorium is empty"

"I'll try my best, but this is as much as I can offer. Well, you're not completely wrong, Will. This floor is empty because this staff's sleeping quarters, so naturally, during the day it would be empty." Hannibal lifted his utensils "For now eat Will, or your food will get cold"

Will was having conflicting emotions passing through him. He wanted to scream at Hannibal that he is lying and that Abigail is real, but at the same time, he had no tangible proof. So feeling still slightly bitter he decided to dig into his food in quiet.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Big thanks to my lovely beta Packetofredapple *mua*

The meal passed in complete silence. Will wasn't in the best of moods but still determine to find out his supposed hallucination, but for that to happen he knows he'll have to make the first move.

“So, Hannibal, tell me how do people come here? Do they need a note from other physicians or can they just pack their things and come?” William slowly tried to get a conversation going.

He set aside his fork and looked the profiler in the eye “Depends, if they come here on their own accords and they pay out of their own pocket, then they don't need a doctor's note. But no matter if you're sent to the hospital or you came by yourself you'll still have to complete a small personality test and few legal papers”

“Oh and how long can they stay here?” The younger man noticed that Hannibal was shooting him down not giving too much to cling to.

“Till they heal”

“Oh” Will was never good at conversations and without extra help, his question spree went dry quickly.

They finished their meal. While Hannibal was putting the dirty dishes aside the curly haired man took the opportunity to explore his room some more especially the books that been lining the whole right wall.

Nothing out of the ordinary a lot of classical literature, books in languages Will couldn't understand. He pulled out a book with weird symbols on it and decided to flip through it, just because he didn't read the language doesn't mean he can't look at the illustrations.
Few pages in, he was greeted by the same picture of the moons that the older man had drawn in his book.

“Ah 'Baltų dievai ir dievybės' interesting choice William, what attracted you to this book?” Hannibal popped out of seemingly nowhere making will slightly jump at his words.

“Jesus... I don't know... I liked the symbols on the cover of the book so I decided to peek in and even if I can't read it I can look at the pictures...”

“The rain is stopping so I think I will be able to drive you to town in a bit. I wish you could stay here longer though” If Hannibal was supposed to sound sad or have any emotion Will couldn't detect it in his speech.

“Well, yeah… I wish I could stay here too, but the police don’t care about my wishes, all they want is for someone to catch the killer...”

“Let me show you more of the sanatorium it's not just the 4th floor of a building and then I'll drive you to the city, okay?”

“Yeah, thanks” William laid the book back into the shelf forgetting fully about the moons or the book's significance.

They walk out of the room back into the endless lines of corridors the younger man closely follows Hannibal as they approach the stairs and what looks like a modern elevator.

“Sorry in advance, the bottom floors might be obnoxiously loud... It's free time for the patients”

The profiler just nods and starts to follow the doctor down the stairs. The closer they get to what seems to be 1st floor the louder noises of people talking become.
When they step off the stairs they are instantly greeted by a nurse who doesn't look as young as Abigail that Will saw, but the older lady seems to be an expert at her job.

After a few hushed words exchanged between the doctor and staff, Hannibal nicely leads Will to a garden on the inside of the building. In it there were already people buzzing around, some of them seem to be part of the medical staff others were clearly patients.

“Is this a herb garden?” Intrigued Will even though it seemed pretty obvious.

“Yes, we use herbs from there to give more flavor to the food and the patch to the side is where our herbs for tea are grown” Hannibal answered.

“Can anyone work here? Like in this garden, I mean? Or is it a privilege or a treatment of some sort?” Will's sour mood from the morning seem to start to lift up making him more wide awake and interested in his surroundings.

“Oh, it’s not for everyone, here we place patients that I can trust will not ruin the plants. Mostly you can find working here are patrons that have been here for a while and their personality tests have shown that they are on the detailed side. If they need they'll have appropriate staff accompany them here and stay with them. Everyone needs fresh air once in a while, no?”

“But the light is synthetic? On the fourth floor, there is no opening so it must be lamps and warmers...” The profiler ended up mumbling the end of the sentence like he would be talking to himself.

“Don't get lost, sweet Will. This is more of a greenhouse for the plants. We can't risk precious herbs going to waste.” Hannibal finished the sentence by opening the door for Will and

ushering him inside and to the other side of the room where another door waited that led to outside.

Familiar trees and the impossibly dark forest greeted them outside followed by 2 smaller buildings one to the right of them and one straight ahead.

While once again the doctor got into a conversation with one of the staff members the younger man overheard two male nurses talk about him or at least that's what he thought it was hard to clearly hear them from this distance without making it too obvious.

“Is that a new investigator?” Said the taller man
“I think so, I wonder did he do the test yet? I feel like he would fit in well just we might need to fight him over green tea a bit”
“The doctor himself will take him in I can sense it. He probably ended up here because he is too pretty. Hope his throat is in good condition. You say it’s TB?”
“No, more like... Short episodes of madness or dependency needs...”

“W-...Wi-... William can you hear me or did you escape somewhere you think I can't follow?”

The curly haired man shook his head “what?... No... No, I just got lost in my thoughts...”

“And what did those thoughts say? If you don't mind me asking”

“How did we come in here? Everything is enclosed by a fence... Also, you even have an orchard here? Do you try to sustain your food on homegrown products or something?”

“When everyone pitches in we can do that, also homegrown taste better doesn't it?” Hannibal turned to his left “Follow me I'll show you the orchard and how we entered into here last night”

Chapter 3

The orchard was huge full of apple, pear trees and what looked like different types of plums, Hannibal told Will that the plums seem to grow the best here that's why they are so varied, ranging from European to freestone which tastes like apricots. All trees looked like they were taken care of immensely, made to grow perfectly in order and harmony.
Unlike in the herb garden, there were more patients working here and only a few people from personnel standing around overlooking that everything would go smoothly.
While Will was looking at a chicken coop that was not too far off from the orchard Hannibal started guiding him to that place explaining that he has to leave for few minutes to take care of a patient that can't seem to calm down.

“Peter, can you take care of my friend for a bit? I don't want him wandering when he doesn't know the way around the territory. It would be bad if Will got lost” Hannibal was talking in a nonjudgmental medium tone as to not scare the boy.

“Yes, Doctor...”

“Thank you, now William be a good boy till I'm back” there was a hint of a smile on Hannibal's face.

“Okay dad” the sarcasm seeping from the words.

When the older man walked away, the profiler turned to Peter and looked him over, he seemed like a timid, almost shy person.

“So... This is your job?”

“Y-yes... I like animals... they don't judge and you can hug them when you feel down, do you have any pets?”

“Back home, in America, I have few dogs, they are like my family”

“Why are you here then? Are you sick?” Peter murmured fidgeting with an egg basket, he has been holding since he got out of the coop.

“I'm not sick, I'm just traveling to Vancouver and I met Hannibal on a train” It looked like Peter got dragged out of the coop in the middle of work because here where only a few eggs in the basket. The conversation making so far going a bit rough for Will “Do you need help to collect the eggs?”

The younger man hoped that this will help the uneasiness from the conversation maybe not to go away but to at least lessen.

“You don't mind?” Peter sounded happily surprised.
“I'll show you how to, just try not to hurt the chickens or the rooster please...”

“I promise. Does every patient here have a task or a job they have to do?”

“Yes, at least you'll be given one depending on your test results and if by any reason you can't do it they will switch it, I guess, though I'm yet to hear that that happened to anyone. The doctor said that these tasks are to help us to concentrate and don't let our illnesses to take over.” Peter said fondly.

“So your test results told them to make you work in a coop? What do they ask in that test?” Will said collecting the eggs and trying to avoid the angry rooster as much as he can.

“No, maybe? I don't know I have had told the doctor before that I like animals, they are nice and won't pick at you or insult you...”

“Yes... Animals offer unconditional love, that's why I have dogs in my home instead of people”

When the last egg finally touched the basket they exited out to be greeted by Hannibal and to what looked like a nurse or a secretary.

“Let's go, Peter, the kitchen is waiting for the eggs” the sweet voice of the nurse was followed up by her taking him by the hand and starting to guide him to the main building. Before they got too far the patient turned to the profiler “H-hope to see you soon, if you want you may help me with the eggs next time too...”

“Ah! Yes, okay!” Will tried to sound cheerful and not to clue in the man that he probably won't be returning.

“Did you enjoy free time with animals? Hope Peter didn't cause you distress. Let's head to the car now, shall we?”

“Yes the animal company is always welcomed and Peter was a bit shy but nice. The lack of small talk suited me fine” Will had to slow his pace, so not to be seen as too eager to get out of this place and also to match to the relaxed slow stroll Hannibal was taking as if deliberately stretching out the last falling minutes before the journey to the city.

After reentering into the sanatorium main house Hannibal told Will a bit of back story on how he started as a general practitioner then switched to a psychologist at another, sadly now closed down sanatorium and after a lot of paperwork was able to start up a sanatorium of his own.
At first, it started out as a really small and private sanatorium, but with the demand growing they added two smaller buildings that house a bigger workout and recreational areas.

After few small goodbyes Hannibal and Will made it to the car and after a longish ride cooped up in the peaceful silence and the sound of radio quietly going off in the background they made it to the big bustling city after few more minutes the car was stopped and they got out next to a police station that Will needed to go and help at.

“So this is a goodbye?” Will chewed on his lip

“No, Will you'll have to come and visit or I'll pick you up myself” Hannibal's words were supposed to sound light and non-threatening but Will got a chill running down his spine.

Hannibal looked around for onlookers but the streets were empty he took in Will for one more quick kiss and slipped in a card into his breast pocket.

“Till later, sweet Will”

With the kiss still lingering on his lips, the profiler was left standing next to the police station looking on as his friend drove away.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Driving to university by train is back and so is my writing ;;
Big thanks to Packetofredapple for kicking my ass and betaing this chapter.

Will didn't have enough time to dwell on the goodbye kiss because the weather seemed to be in a foul mood today. He opened the main door to the police station as the first drops of the returning warm rain hit his hair and shoulders.
The inside wasn't much of an interesting site, cream walls, long corridor decorated in dull papers only there to make up for the fact that the person at the front desk was nowhere to be seen.
Though Will didn't need to ask for directions though if they were sitting there he would, that would save him the time of wandering through the 2nd-floor corridors looking for the last name that is too similar sounding to Crawford. The profiler kinda wished that it would be his boss, then he wouldn't have to leave his favorite bag behind, or travel in a train bustling with too many people. He wouldn't have to wander these corridors looking like a lost salesman that can't decide on what door to knock first.
Finally, after three laps over the same long corridor he finally spots the name he needs and of course, the room had to be on the far left tucked away from the nonexistent traffic.
Before Will can even knock, the door opens and a disheveled man pops his head out looks around and quickly opened the door wider for Will.

"Please come in, you must be William I been waiting for you. Did something happen to the train you were on? I read that one of the trains broke down spontaneously last evening and according to the time that was given in the paper I thought it might have been yours"

"Good day, yes the train that broke down was the one I was in"
The detective, at least that what the curly haired man assumed the man was, stepped aside letting Will into a small office full of papers, notes all over walls and tables, quite the contrast from the empty, soulless corridors.

"Please sit down there" the detective showed to a well-used but still comfortable looking chair "sorry for the mess, I just didn't have time to clean up. The bodies are piling up just as fast as the papers on my desks.

"It's okay I've seen worst, what's your name?"

"It's David, sorry for not introducing myself earlier... Just I haven't slept for in a while trying to put this profile together"

As the curly haired man sat down he could see the pages upon pages of assumptions, observations from the crimes scenes, written haphazardly. Maybe that's how he would have ended up if he was normal, no psychotic tendencies or over active imagination. Just putting together profiles from the dry observations from the field, textbooks of human psychology put to the test trying to understand one individual.

"Maybe coffee? God knows I need it"

"Sure, black for me" William murmured, hands deep in his bag looking for his own unfinished profiles for the yet unnamed killer.

David exited and left Will alone in the kinda cramped chaos filled the office.
As soon as the curly haired man lifted his pen to jot down few notes the other detective walked in with two coffees and a sour face the smell of caffeine filled the office with pleasant smell but David's frown didn't seem to want to leave his face.

"Hey... I know your boss warned me... About you and crime scenes but... There is a new body... So you wanna come or going to stay here?" he was scratching his head looking uncertain.

"Well, what's the worst that can happen... Let's go, I hope you can drive"

"Only if you'll hold the coffee"

"We got a deal"

The drive to the place was supposed to be short but with the not too helpful directions from an officer, it took them a bit to find the what looked like an ordinary parking lot the only difference being that it was surrounded from all sides by police tape.
When the duo got out of the car the dark clouds were still surrounding the city and the rain was still pouring like a waterfall. They crossed the tape and looked onwards to the Bambi that was standing in the middle of it all.

"They always reminded me of metal turtles more than deer these trailers" David started

"I guess, so the gory bits are where? In that bunker on wheels?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. Let's go ask around.We're already soaked to the bone by the rain"

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Will didn't know was it the nonstop talking that was putting him to sleep or was he just that tired, the sudden drop in temperature didn't help either. All he wanted to do is get a look at the body or to put together a profile and return to somewhere safe and warm. At times like these, he missed his dogs the most, the warmth and the moral support they give is what he needs desperately now.
The talking of people around turned in to a jumbled mess of noises that got louder and louder. Will noticed that the police were now staring at him and David was trying to tell him
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something in a concerned voice then it all went quiet. All he remembers is bits and pieces. His mind turns in to a jigsaw puzzle- one moment it's there, the complete image is crisp and clear and the next the puzzle pieces scattered into oblivion leaving only tiny glimpses of whats happening. Like him falling on the ground, loud noises of people who are rather confused or scared. The cold keeps seeping into him more and more. It wasn't a good idea to travel.

Next thing Will hears is beeping coming from what he can guess is some kind of machine. He tries to open his eyes. He really does but all he can do is make a pitiful small noise that seems to draw the attention of someone in a room. He hears the steady footsteps approaching and a noise like someone saying something. Then it all goes black again the jigsaw puzzles not really sticking together correctly and falling again.

"W... Wi.. William can you... William can you hear me..." A familiar voice fills the void of his mind and the curly haired man slowly starts to respond at first twitching his fingers then slowly open his eyes. His vision is filled with concerned looking Hannibal saying something to him then brushing his sweaty curls from the eyes.

"Water" the only thing Will is able to say before he feels his throat starting to sting.

"Sure. Here" A straw is placed next to his lips and Will drinks eagerly till the glass is empty.

"What happened?" He managed to finally say wanting someone to give some answers and to help him put the jigsaws in place.

"You're in a hospital, traveling got your immune system down then the rain hit and you broke out into a high fever and fell down and hit your head on the pavement"

"Where else would I be in a 5-star hotel?..." He mumbled.

"Glad to see that the injury didn't affect your sass"

"Oh you love it, don't lie. Though how bad is the head..."

"They did x-rays and you don't seem to have fractured any bones but the brain itself... Still, need to see how you'll walk and control your movements and if nothing changes in the way you communicate so this will take a month or so depending on your progress and if there are no other problems"

"Wait... I'll be STUCK HERE FOR A MONTH... Oh no, I'm going back to America, I'm not sitting in a hospital in the middle of nowhere"

"William, Canada is not a middle of nowhere. Also, they can't let you out with out making sure you're okay."

"I'm not staying here for a month. You're a doctor? No? Can't you push something? Tell them that you examined me and I'm okay enough to go?"

"Even though I'm a doctor I don't think my word would weigh a lot here, but I can offer to take you into Sunset and if you get on your legs quicker there. You'll be able to go."

"Hannibal, thank you! Anything just to get out of here"

Hannibal threw Will one of his trade mark small smiles and said with a nod "there is someone else that wants to see you, he will occupy you while I go sort out the boring bits"

And just like that Hannibal exited out followed up by David entering the small hospital room with a bouquet of alstroemerias-- a small version of lilies colored in bring miss matching colors.

"Uh... Hey... I wanted to say sorry... These are for you..." Slowly started the detective.

"You're not the one to blame David. I have been riddled with all sort of hell all my life so it's no surprise that one day it would go bite me back in the ass"

The young detective approached closer placing the flowers in a conveniently provided vase with water that stood on the bed side table.

"Sooo.. how are you?..." He starts to scratch his hands on a nervous gesture.

"I know you want me to say good, but I'll be only able to say that when I get out of here."

"Oh... When is that?"

"If a friend helps then I hope soon..." Will threw a half smile at David and looked at the window "do you have any pets?" He asked abruptly.

Caught off guard the man walking around the small room stopped and fumbled with his words " uh... Ye... Yes, I do... A dog... Corgi and a westie mix. A playful tiny dog perfect for apartments... Why?"

"Nothing I just miss my dogs... They were mutts... I hope they are okay..."

"Yeah... Same..."

Suddenly the slowly going conversation is interrupted by Hannibal entering the room.

"So... I hope you're going to be okay... I have to run but I'll come to visit... Ok?"

"Will soon will leave this establishment and is going to go to a sanatorium for a full recovery" Hannibal smoothly interrupted.

"Can I come to visit?" David asks immediately.

An emotion runs through Hannibal's face so fast that nor Will nor David is sure what it is "sure. Here is my address" an elegant hand extends forwards and gives the younger detective

just as elegant card. He stuffs it into his wallet quickly thanking Hannibal. Waving goodbye to Will he exits the room and only two of them are left.

"You're leaving tomorrow if when the nurses show up you are in a decent condition"

"To get out of here I can pretend to be in peak physical condition as long as I'm out"

"Get some rest, Will, you'll need it tomorrow"

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Big thanks to by lovely beta Packetofredapple and the memey doodle.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Maybe it was the drugs maybe it was the fact that he wanted, no needed to get out of this hospital that Will sleep pretty well. He still woke up looking like someone tried to drown him and kind of succeeded, but he didn't sleepwalk or at least looking around he couldn't see any clues that he did.

The hospital clock was illuminated by the light of the sun that was just beginning to creep in over the horizon and was showing that it's 5:10 am. Not a lot to do when you're in a hospital beside sleeping or trying to move around as much as possible without alerting anyone.

Will decided that maybe just resting his eyes for a bit more will do him good maybe he won't look like a drowned corpse. Though the paleness of his skin could be just the shadows of the night and the mix of minimum light playing tricks on him.

The next time he opened his eyes it was darker, cloudier. The curly haired man got out of the bed with surprising ease almost like there were no injuries, maybe the only part he did hurt was his head and even that was not that serious. The first steps were easy almost too easy like he was floating. The next few grounded him more the movement still felt a bit alien to him a bit too easy but he could feel the ground for sure. At first, the profiler walked to the window a small trip but he was curious where the rising sun disappear. The view outside was beautiful well as much as Will could see.

The forest that seems to be curiously way too close to the hospital was mostly made up of evergreens and other conifers making the forest look even more bizarre like someone has purposely planted every tree to be exactly there and look exactly like that. The forest was covered in thick mist, so from the window, Will could only see the tops of the trees. This all combined gave the illusion that Will was staying on a top floor of the hospital. Can they even be this tall was beyond him. The glimmers of light were playing on the spikes of the conifers. The blue spruce's looked especially unreal the morning mist mixing with the tiny amount of

light making the blue tint pop out even more and the morning air looks even crisper and colder.

The moment Will tried to place his hand on the window he heard a slow unmistakable noise of a door opening and someone entering.

"Will, how are you?"

The first time the young man opened his mouth to speak the movement of his jaw felt sluggish. Like the effects of the drugs are kicking in way later then they are supposed to. Though to his surprise, it seemed like Hannibal understood what he said, nodding his head in acknowledgment. He extended his hand and replied.

"Come, Will, there is something I want to show you"

He took the offered hand and took few slow steps to get closer to Hannibal. They exited to an eerily familiar corridor that seems to be overly decorated for a hospital.

While walking in the what seems to be a never-ending corridor Will could hear a faint familiar tapping of a typewriter though this one sounded more modern, like an Olympia SM3, it's loud but the new style keyboard and the carrying case really made it a beloved addition to a lot of people's homes and offices. Maybe it was the same here, the hospital just decided to update and splurge on some shiny new typewriters and the noise was more of a not so subtle show-off.

"Hannibal? Who could be typing away on a typewriter so early in the morning? Better question yet why are you up?" The young profiler started to look around in the hopes of spotting a clock. It's his damn luck for leaving him and now there is none of them around.

"Who said it's was morning?" Came an unsettling answer.

"What? Hannibal don't fuck with me... If you're not answering then I'll ask the nurse" Will stormed off to the door of the room where the typewriter noise was coming from. He knocked but there was no answer nor did the typewriter sound stop.

Will gave the older man a side glance and entered the room.

He was greeted by a pitter patter or tiny feet and barking. The noise finally stopped and the younger man was greeted not by a nurse but a familiar face, David. By his leg, there was a dog, an interesting looking puppy kinda similar to a westie though every time William tried to get a better look at the dog his vision would start to blur and twist.

"Um... Hey, David... Can I ask what time it is?"

"Sorry, William I don't know. There are too many papers and not enough of the time you're looking for, I can tell you that much" David finished while bending a bit down to pet the tiny dog.

"Can you look? You have a watch on your hand?" The man didn't seem to react to the request, he finished giving the tiny westie mix a belly rub and went back to set in a new paper into a typewriter.

Will was left shell-shocked and got out of the room angrily stomping and his eyes frantically looking for the older doctor.

Hannibal closed the office door and the sound of the mechanical typewriter filled the corridor once more.

"Where are we?" His angry voice was directed at the only other person in the room.

"We are in a hospital's corridor. Though maybe we should head out to the balcony so you would get some fresh air?" The older man opened one of the many doors and ushered Will in.

They were standing at a pretty large balcony the metal railing separating them and the forest was decorated in black metal vines making the structure look form vise organic but the metallic sheen was still showing through.

Will stepped closer to the railing followed by Hannibal who had his hand on the profilers back.

The gigantic forest was all surrounded in fog that didn't seem like it would be separating anytime soon following from the foggy bottom to the top of the evergreens Will expected the familiar blueish white sheen to be reflected off them but now there was nothing just darkness looking up to where the stars should be he is greeted by two red eyes and antlers that seem to have pierced the stars and it seems that his breath in the cold air is causing the forest to drown in fog.

When Will tries to back away the older man's hand placed on the small of his back doesn't let him move, to the contrary, it forces him to come closer to the relative warmness of Hannibal's body.

"Hannibal... What is that?" He says running empty of words to call the enormous beast.

"You don't need to know, it's a beast with many names, embrace it and you'll understand it"

Hannibal's hand moves from the back of the curly haired man's spine to gently take his hand and extend it slowly to the beast like an offering. Will is transfixed not knowing what to do he blindly follows Hannibal's movements. They look like two star-crossed lovers, who are reaching out to the beast with many names.

But he snaps out of the trance and snatched his hand away from Hannibal and started to sprint to the door, with all the power in him the young man broke open the cover between the beast and his freedom only to be greeted by all mighty fire. The flames licking every surface the only noise louder than the crackling fire was the monotone sound of a typewriter. Before Will could do anything the door behind him was slowly closed by Hannibal and a familiar hand landed back on his back and guided him to the railing.

"The only exit is in flames! We need to get out of here!" Will was heading in a straight lane to panic.

"Look around, beloved, the world is in flames, the guidance of the morning stars will lead us away into the void where we'll be safe" the low rumbling voice was doing little to help Will but it was something.

He could feel his back warming up. The fire is near.

"What should we do?" He asked basically a rhetorical question knowing the answer by heart.

The doctor didn't answer just took his hand again and lifted it up.

Will closed his eyes and relaxed following Hannibal's movements.

Chapter End Notes

David, Hannibal and Will

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